

OGDEN CITY, UTAH, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1913.

"Scout" Younger

(Gambler Ex-Bandit Convict Tells Why He Went Wrong!

Man Who Did Six Years of a Twenty Year Prison Term After Pleading Guilty To Murder and Thievery. Says Bad Whisky and Lack of Education Sent Him Off the Street Called Straight, But Now He's Reformed and Has Become Wealthy in Honest Pursuits.



TWO POSES OF "SCOUT" YOUNGER.

A tall, lanky youth of fair complexion and still bearing the marks of innocence, sat in the smoke-filled room of a Dallas, Tex., gambling den many years ago, drinking with the patrons and throwing the dice for the house. The boy wore a large Stetson and at his hips was a brace of dangerous looking revolvers.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The games were just getting into full swing. Suddenly there was a muttered oath and a shot was fired. Immediately cowboys, gamblers and spectators arose from their chairs and commenced shooting promiscuously. The 16-year-old boy also drew his two revolvers and cut loose in the bombardment.

When the smoke cleared, the occupants of the room were gone and with them the 16-year-old gambler. This boy was "Scout" Younger, a nephew of the notorious Younger brothers and a relative of the Daltons, the two families comprising the greatest band of ruthless marauders the State of Texas ever knew. "Scout" Younger fled because members of his family, implicated in the shooting, fled.

By this act of leaving the scene of the revolver battle, Scout Younger placed himself in the class with outlaws, and later went to the penitentiary on pleading guilty to acts prompted by his joining himself with an outlaw band. On leaving prison he reformed, bought a ranch, married a handsome Southern girl and is now a man of influence in the West and a rigorous observer of the law.

After the shooting at Dallas the gang, including Bob and Grat Dalton, Bill Powers, Dick Broadwell, Scout Younger, Bill Driscoll and John Haddon, fled West. In crossing into Indian Territory the outlaws passed through the city of Texline, Tex. A dance was in progress there and, inspired by bravado, the gang opened fire on the dance hall. A desperate revolver battle between the forces of the outlaws and those of the people of Texline followed, but none was injured.

DROVE AWAY AND SOLD RANCHERS' CATTLE.

The gang then went into the lands of the Choctaw Indian Nation, and there "punched" cattle for several months. Blinded by the success of their various other deeds of recklessness, the members of the gang drove off cattle from their herds and took them many miles at night to cities in Texas, where they sold their stolen goods to butchers.

Occasional during this period of rest from the detection or pursuit of the officials, members of the gang rode as far west as Kansas to drive off cattle.

A group of the marauders occasionally departed from the ranch where they were employed, and hurrying their horses to their greatest speed covered more than 100 miles in a night. On the second day of their journey they arrived in the vicinity of the ranch to be robbed or the corral where valuable horses were kept. When darkness covered the prairie a fusillade from the Winchester of the outlaws added to the sharp reports of their 44 revolvers, terrorized the ranchers and during the period of their fright the animals were driven away.

Before a posse could catch up with the cattle thieves, Scout Younger and his gang were far away and the stolen animals were disposed of.

It was while the gang was at Ingalls, Indian Territory, that a United States Marshal, having learned of their whereabouts, surrounded their ranch house. A five-minute battle in which 200 shots were fired, then ensued, and in it Tom Houston, a deputy United States Marshal, was killed.

After this encounter the bandits decided to separate. Scout Younger, Bill Driscoll and John Haddon went to Texas, while the others, including the Dalton brothers, went West. The two parties never met again until after all had paid their penalty to the law.

GANG PARTS AFTER BATTLE WITH OFFICERS.

The fate that led them to part on the plains of Texas after the battle with the marshals, later led them into the trap they could not beat. When they parted under the fire of the pursuers a simple handshake and a simple "good luck" was their farewell.

Younger and his companions went to the Bar-L ranch in Texas and for six months "punched" cattle, undergoing a monotonous life when their wild spirit constantly demanded action.

This desire for action led them to leave the ranch and go to Pierce City, where they had planned a large bank robbery. In visits to the little village, the three outlaws noticed the popularity of the bank and learned that large sums were generally deposited there on Saturday. The sum usually amounted to about \$20,000.

The three bandits rode down on the bank on Saturday, and after having a small check cashed, thrust their revolvers in the face of the cashier and commanded "Hands up." Then they searched the open vault and found just \$70. The cashier informed them that the money had been taken to the bank at Sherman, Tex. In those days when safes were hardly substantial enough to resist the action of a brace and drill, it was customary to deposit cash in the more protected banks and do the entire village business by check.

Falling in this effort the trio decided to visit the Bill Anderson tavern, a place situated on the old Texas cow trail between Sherman and McKinney and then famous as a gambling resort.

LOSE TO GAMBLERS THEN ROB THEM.

The men entered the gambling hall and by previous agreement

lost the money stolen at the bank. Driscoll, who became intoxicated, was sent ahead with the horses, and Younger and Haddon proceeded to shoot up the resort and rob the gambling tables. In this fight one of the gamblers who attempted to draw his revolver was shot in the hand by Younger.

The two bandits joined Driscoll, mounted their horses and fled. They counted their loot and found they had collected \$280.

Traveling south of McKinney on the Texas trail, the three robbers passed the office of Sheriff Bill McMillan, known then as now as one of the most famous man-hunters in the West, and a fearless officer who never failed to get his man.

McMillan recognized them and called up his deputies: "There goes Scout Younger and his gang." The pursuit commenced, the Sheriff aided by seven men. The outlaws swam their horses across Red River and passing through Dennison, Tex., rode into the land of the Choctaw Indians in the Indian Territory.

On the Old Lutton ranch the posse came within shooting distance of the raiders and after a rifle battle, Driscoll of the outlaw force, fell to the ground wounded.

The pursued men crossed Little Missouri Lake, closely followed by the Sheriff and his posse. The two remaining outlaws found their horses exhausted from the long journey and soon decided that strategy was the one thing that would save them from capture. Accordingly they rode over a ridge in the foothills apparently disappearing on the other side. The posse drove across the ridge and when they gained the other side their quarry had disappeared. Younger and Haddon had doubled back on their trail and escaped.

TWO MEN TRAPPED BY THE POSSE.

The two hunted men rode west and two weeks later appeared at the Old Thompson ranch. The outlaws tied their horses to a tree in the rear of a log cabin and then proceeded to the front to enter. Just as they were gaining this point of safety they saw the Sheriff and his posse approaching from the mesquite to the north.

Without hesitation Scout Younger opened fire with his Winchester on the eight representatives of the law. At the first answering volley Haddon fell at Younger's side, badly wounded by a bullet that paralyzed his "shooting arm."

Bill McMillan, the famous man-

hunter, later head of the Texas Rangers, and now Chief of Police at Dallas, Tex., fired the shot that felled Haddon, with the true aim for which he is noted in the Southwestern country.

"I'm hit hard, Scout! Make your getaway!" Haddon cried to his companion. The posse was then running through a cornfield and quickly approaching the cabin. Scout Younger ran to the rear of the house and thence to the tree to which his horse was tethered. He jumped to his steed and firing his last shot at the approaching officers, dashed away. More than twenty shots were fired at him as he fled through an open field, but hanging low over his horse's head, he managed to escape injury, although he says at least two bullets from McMillan's Winchester entered his saddle and were later found imbedded there.

As Younger dashed across the field to escape, he saw a five-foot barbed wire fence cutting him off from liberty. Urging his pony, he decided to make a last desperate effort. The horse responding to his demand, cleared the fence, receiving but a slight scratch on his legs in this difficult feat.

YOUNGER SAVED BY BARBED WIRE FENCE.

The posse halted to cut the fence, and thus gave the outlaw ample time to escape. For several days the chase continued. Finally, on a second occasion Younger found himself almost within the reach of the posse. He saw a train approaching and spurring his horse to activity kept pace with the rear coach until he was able to throw his rifle to the platform and then by a vigorous leap from the horse's back, catch the rear railing of the train and again elude his pursuers.

Twenty miles from this point, at what was known as the Wolfol ranch, he left the train and wandered among the hills with no horse, but slight ammunition for his rifle and no food.

He was thus from lack of food and exposure, his eyes from constant watching for the approach of his pursuers, were bloodshot and partly blinded. His clothes were torn from crawling through the brush, his hat was gone and his hair was matted. He was one man—an outlaw—followed by a posse. For forty-one days he wandered through the woods, fearing to build a fire, that might attract his enemies.

The posse also quit their horses to follow their prey over the impassable foothills.

During this long chase Younger killed calves and then lay in wait for deer, and other wild animals attracted by the odor of warm blood. These animals he killed, eating their meat raw.

On the forty-first day after his entrance of the woods, Younger was again cornered by the posse, if posse one might call it, for but three of the original squad that commenced the man-hunt remained on the trail.

At the head of this small force was Bill McMillan, the dauntless Sheriff, who never returned to his office without the man he started for.

FINAL STAND MADE AGAINST THE LAW.

The scene of this final encounter was in the Osage Hills near Pawhuska, Ok. In the posse beside McMillan were Buck Musgrove and Maynard Revard, both valiant officers and respected by the outlaw for their bravery. Noticing the approach of the officers, Younger fired. His first bullet tore the white Stetson hat from McMillan's head. Then followed half an hour's engagement—one outlaw against three men representing the new law and order of which the West was then receiving its first taste.

Younger used a heavy Winchester pump rifle in the engagement and did his shooting from his hip. Finally he fell, a bullet through his right arm and another through his right shoulder. Undaunted by

his injuries, he raised himself on his injured arm and emptied his revolver at the posse. Then he surrendered.

He was taken back to Texas and there met Haddon and Driscoll, who were in jail. The three were charged with a multiplicity of crimes, including murder, horse-stealing, highway robbery, etc., and in the face of such numerous accusations pleaded guilty. Each was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary, but all were released after serving six years.

Many years have passed since this episode. Scout Younger was 18 years old when he went to the penitentiary. He is now 45 years old.

After being freed he led a reckless life for several years during which time he was injured several times.

He worked for several years in commercial places in the cities in which he was formerly known as an outlaw and where twenty years before he would have been shot on sight.

Later he went to the Bob Warrin ranch in Oklahoma. There he met Miss Pauline Richardson, a visitor from Birmingham, Ala., and the two were married.

YOUNGER NOW LEADS MODEL LIFE.

Since then Scout Younger has led a model life. He now lives on a ranch near Tulsa, Ok. His two daughters, Ruth and Bessie, are attending convent in St. Louis. Before becoming an independent

rancher, Scout Younger served a year on the Police Department at El Paso, Tex., and was later a private detective in Beaumont. In both places he won merit by a faithful discharge of his duties.

Younger blames his lack of education and the cow-puncher's love of bad whisky for his career as an outlaw.

Younger's full name is Marcus J. Younger and he was born near Centerville, a small town not far from Richmond, Va., 45 years ago. His father was John Younger, a cattleman.

When but 4 years old the boy went with his family to a ranch on the border of Western Texas. Here they were forty miles from the nearest town, El Paso.

His three brothers, Fleet, Tom and John, followed the straight and narrow trail, and are now well known business men in Texas.

Younger says that he became an outlaw by accident. "If I hadn't been mixed up in that shooting scrape in the gambling house, I never would have been in trouble," he declares.

"It doesn't pay, however, to try to evade the law. Any young man who may imagine it would be fine sport to be an outlaw, should realize that eventually he will be caught, and if not killed in battle or hanged for his offenses, eventually must pay the penalty in the penitentiary."

Such things always leave a disgrace that not only he, but his wife and children must bear."